210

FFR

ISSUE № 210: ELECTROCLASH EXTRAVAGANZA

Fowl Feathered Review is a quarterly, a disordered artifact of the human impulse to categorize and consume the ephemeral. Produced by the Springwound Mammoth Pancake Coalition—an entity distinct from its waffle-centric counterpart—it is birthed under the Fowlpox Press imprint. Virgil Kay, its editor, presides over this enterprise from a paper canoe adrift on the Passagassawakeag, a river of dubious depth and even more dubious inhabitants. Surrounded by featherheads and their aquatic card games, Kay's reign is absolute, his word the final arbiter in the transformation of boastful souls into doormats. Layout and visual conceits are the province of Cookie Granola, while melodrama and histrionics fall under the purview of Childe Harold. Silent Bill, in his characteristically taciturn manner,

provides necessary pauses. The review's structural integrity, or lack thereof, is the domain of Unkie Bob, whose talents extend to the mitigation of typographical errors and the prevention of electrical conflagrations. Everett Enótita serves as Kay's indispensable amanuensis, and the Ecum Secum Literary Brain Trust, in a gesture of dubious beneficence, offers nominal financial support. Printed upon the verdant expanse of Bald Porcupine Island, and laced with the enigmatic Kraa, a bioengineered culinary enigma, the Fowl Feathered Review remains a testament to human ingenuity, or perhaps merely a symptom of cultural decline. ISSN: 1929-7238.

"I am an observer of life, a non-participant who takes no sides. I am in the regimented society, but not of it."
--Moondog, The Viking of 6th Avenue

Return Policy:
If this magazine does not meet your expectations, please return it to us in its original condition for a full refund, minus the cost of enlightenment.

Fowlpox Press: A Submission Guide for the Determined (or Deluded)

To the Aspiring Artist (or Sandwich Enthusiast):

1. Craft (or Culinary Construct): 2-227 poems, a numerical range that hints at both ambition and a troubling lack of self-editing, may find their way to our digital doorstep (fowlpoxpress@mail2poet.com). Alternatively, for the visually inclined, paintings numbered 2-953 (a prolific career, or perhaps a basement overflowing with forgotten canvases?) are welcome. We are also, inexplicably, open to submissions of twelve-inch sandwiches.
2. Our physical address: 250.5 ▯ ∞^{11} State Street, Bangor, Maine, 04401.

3. The Gatekeeper: Address your offerings to Virgil Kay, Editor. In posession of remarkably discerning taste, or so he believes, Virgil is a rooster of some renown, a creature of instinct and inexplicable confidence. His title, “China Wok Habitue,” suggests a broader palate than one might expect from a bird, though it’s more likely a testament to the local

takeout joint's generous portions. (Please note: Include a bio, a desperate plea for recognition that will likely join the unread masses in the digital purgatory of our slush pile.)

4. Format: Poems, those valiant attempts at capturing the human experience in meter and rhyme, should be attached in a Word document or PDF. Paintings, windows into your soul (or a weekend spent with Bob Ross reruns), must be submitted in JPEG, TIFF, or a format our aging technology can comprehend. Jokes, if they exist, should be delivered in MP3 format. We are, alas, not equipped to handle the nuanced art of the live performance. Sandwiches, a curious offering in the realm of artistic expression, require clear plastic wrapping and a small packet of Kewpie Mayonnaise. (Pro-tip: The Kewpie packaging is, undeniably, a work of art in its own right, and we encourage you to admire it before consumption.)
5. The Cycle Continues: We exist in a perpetual state of acceptance and rejection. A Sisyphean task, some might say. We receive submissions 365 days a year, a testament to the relentless hope, or perhaps blissful ignorance, of aspiring artists. However, with a heavy heart (and a

full crop), we must inform you that rejections also occur 365 days a year.

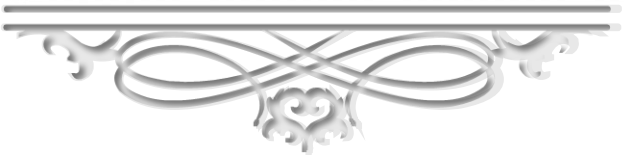
6. The Sandwiches: Ah, the sandwiches. These, unlike your artistic endeavors, find a permanent home within our editorial sanctum. Virgil, in his infinite wisdom, has determined that a diet rich in carbohydrates is essential for maintaining his regal demeanor.
7. Leap Year Follies: Leap years, those extra days gifted by the whims of the calendar, offer no reprieve. Aspiring poets, it seems, are undeterred by such temporal anomalies. You are, however, cordially invited to "take a flying leap" during these additional 24 hours.

Please proceed with caution. Artistic aspirations are a delicate dance, and the path to publication is littered with the fallen hopes of countless dreamers. But hey, maybe your sandwich is killer. Just remember, Kewpie or bust.

Our Website

Non ignora mali, miseris
succurrere disco."

– Virgil, The Aeneid



FARSHA MOUNTAIN LOUNGE: A BEDOUIN BEAT MIRAGE

By Chip Bierstadt

This is an excellent story—it already has a strong, contemporary, and rhythmic voice. It's primed for the Polo & Pan treatment, as it already deals with **juxtaposition** (old antiques vs. CSS code) and **tropical/global sounds** (Bedouin, oud, karkade).

Here is the story after feeding it through the **Polo & Pan Secret Sauce for Fiction**, emphasizing the three phases: **Core Vibe**, **Crate-Digging (Sample)**, and **The Polo & Pan Touch (Synth)**.

Polo & Pan Remix: Farsha Mountain Lounge (The Caravan Mix)

Track 1: Karkade Flow (110 BPM - Tropical House)

The **Red Sea** hums below, a liquid pixel screen glitching under a dying sun. **Farsha Mountain Lounge**—Um Al-Sid Hill, Sharm el Sheikh—clings to the cliff like a Bedouin dream coded in CSS and starlight. My phone vibrates: “Sunset in 17 min. Dress code: boho, not blockchain.” I arrive, boots crunching on uneven stone, lungs full of salt and shisha smoke.

Notifications ping—a thousand strangers capturing the same lanterns, the same fairy lights, the same impossible view. "Farsha means **butterfly**," the server says, his voice a wisp lost in a Melodic Techno track pulsing from nowhere. Is he real, or a fragment of the Arabian Nights aesthetic hardcoded by Alfred Suleiman in 2010? The cliff is a server rack, each level a node hosting stories older than my VPN.

I choose a cushion, the material rough—splintered, **real**—woven with patterns that could

be Nubian, Cairene, or straight from a forgotten Siwa market. I'm here to find the analogue soul in this digital mirage.

Track 2: Oud Duet (120 BPM - Deep House / Thematic Inversion)

The Ancient Pull Request (Alfred's Commit: v1.0, 2010)

Young Alfred Suleiman, sun-scorched, sits here sipping **karkade** under a makeshift tent. The Bedouin spirit whispers: *build something fragile, like a **butterfly**.* He hauls antiques from Cairo's back alleys—brass lamps, cracked mirrors, a hookah older than the Suez Crisis. Farsha is born, a glitch in Sharm's resort grid, an open-source project rooted in tradition.

The cliffs, before the hashtags, held Bedouin fires. Alfred's story is a simple terminal command: `if (view == breathtaking) { build(); }`

The Modern Merge Conflict (My Refresh: 2025)

I'm sprawled on a cushion, scrolling X for reviews: "Magical escape, 5/5." "Too many stairs, 0/10 for accessibility." The Red Sea is a dark mirror now, reflecting a thousand lanterns.

A DJ in the corner spins Progressive House, basslines threading through **Egyptian oud** riffs. My feed cuts to a 2011 post: "Farsha's a vibe, not a place."

A couple snaps selfies, their faces glowing under fairy lights, their moment fleeting. My phone battery's at 8%, but I can't stop refreshing. The cliff vibrates—history, salt, techno—a loop I'm coded into. Is this a café or a high-end simulation of peace?

Track 3: Molokhia Rush (128 BPM - The Build / Sensory Overload)

The air is thick with shisha—apple, mint, something **unnameable,** a flavor of old wood and the sea floor. Lanterns flicker like dying LEDs, casting shadows that dance like forgotten desert spirits. The cliff's edge is close, too close; one wrong step and you're part of the Red Sea's open-source code.

My drink—karkade, sharp as tamarind—burns my throat, a sudden **acidic critique** of my own distraction. The music shifts: a sampled Arabic poem collides with a synth drop, and the crowd sways, a collective pulse.

I taste salt, smoke, and the weight of a thousand antiques watching me from the shadows. The artifacts around me are pull requests from Egypt's past, merged into this bohemian loop. A woman laughs, her voice a brilliant, un-sampled **shard of glass** in the haze. The tension builds.

Track 4: Tamarind Sting (The Drop / Surreal Juxtaposition)

This place is a **paradox**, a **butterfly pinned to a cliff**. The magic is real, yet curated—a Bedouin fantasy for Instagram feeds. The stairs mock accessibility; the entry rules gatekeep like a paywalled API. *Romantic, but not inclusive,* I think, the bitter tang of the karkade (the **tamarind sting**) on my tongue.

The Red Sea glitters, but I know it's choking on plastic. The antiques are priceless, but the vibe's been commodified, sold to influencers and expats. I sip the bitter sweetness and wonder: has the **butterfly** (Farsha) forgotten how to fly, or is it merely resting, waiting for the right current?

Track 5: Foul Flux (The Fade Out / Cosmic Loop)

Farsha doesn't end. The sun sets, the lanterns glow, the techno fades back into the endless thrum of oud. I leave, but the cliff stays, running its eternal commit: `git push origin magic`. Tomorrow, more couples will climb, more Stories will post, more shisha will burn.

My phone dies as I descend the stairs. The music lingers—a Nubian-Middle Eastern glitch, a Bedouin Beat dream, the sound of an ancient melody layered with a future synth. The Red Sea watches, indifferent, its waves a waveform older than code.

The **butterfly** is always here, always fragile. And I, the listener, am already refreshing for the next drop.

THE BURNING BED:
SECOND SHIFT AT THE SUBLIME DINER

By Pinkas May

A twin mattress slumps in the garage—

or is it booth six at the Sublime Diner?

Stained with last Tuesday's rain, blackberry pie,

and something darker: the residue of a scream

scribbled on a napkin in ketchup and regret.

Its springs hum a hymn from the Book of Lamentations—

not scripture, but trucker psalms

scrawled beneath Minos's gaze in a rearview mirror

that also doubles as a drive-thru menu.

David Lynch is dead.

The ceiling fan still spins like a broken ouroboros,

licking the air with plastic tongues

as the jukebox coughs up static hymns.

From beneath the box spring—

or is it the napkin dispenser?—

a possum in a moth-eaten bathrobe

recites The Bacchae in dial-up tones,

while a raccoon in a polyester vest

nods along, quoting Heraclitus:

You can't burn the same bed twice.

The bed, once a suburban altar,

now hosts a congress of pill bugs, expired coupons,

and a busboy named Orpheus

who never looks back at the grease trap abyss.

They vote on resurrection in Morse code,

tapping out: She burned him for snoring like a Cyclops.

The mattress flips itself at midnight—

a failed Icarus with duct-taped wings

and a Waffle House loyalty card pinned to its chest.

In the kitchen—or is it the garage?—

a toaster births a minor god

with crumbs for eyes and a spatula scepter.

He presides over breakfast like Zeus on break,

zapping Pop-Tarts into ambrosia

while the grill hisses prophecies:

The flame was a psalm. The syrup's rancid.

Even Olympus has a sell-by date.

Out back, the dumpster chants the Gospel of St. Drive-Thru,

its lid flapping like a broken oracle.

Nathalian X. Yuvarlak

watches from the porch—

or the cracked vinyl of booth six—

sipping coffee that tastes of ash, reruns, and phosphoric Styx.

He writes this down in a notebook bound with VHS tape

and gum wrappers spelling MENE MENE TEKEL.

Each line: a police blotter from Elysium County:

10:47 p.m. – Domestic disturbance.

Flames reported. No disinterested squatters present.

Suspect fled on a riding mower toward the cornfield.

Chicken in sequined vest seen fleeing with karaoke mic.

The bed's dead belly swells with worms–

not the kind that eat flesh,

but the bureaucratic kind:

paper-thin, ink-smeared,

filing death certificates in triplicate

beneath a flickering fluorescent sun

that buzzes like a trapped wasp in the neon sign: **EAT**.

And somewhere—anchored off Duluth or drifting in the parking lot—

Noah's ark lists starboard,

bolted to a floating Walmart Supercenter.

A chicken belts Ave Maria into a karaoke machine

while fireflies spell verdicts in Morse, in Latin, in emoji:

Justice. Rewind. Pop in another quarter.

The song doesn't end.

It just clocks out, punches back in.

The grill sighs. The fan spins.

The bed—cold, mythic, kudzu-draped—

waits in the liminal hush between shifts,

between garage and diner,

between ash and anthem.

And somewhere, a woman strikes a match—

not for warmth,

but to read the fine print on eternity:

One-time offer. Nontransferable.

Void where prohibited by potentates or grease fires.

She lights the bed.

She lights the booth.

She lights the never-ending song.

The Ancient Scrolls of the Golem: A Profound Crockford's Primer of Clay, Code & Cosmic Grocery Aisles

THE ANCIENT SCROLLS OF THE GOLEM: A PROFOUND CROCKFORD'S PRIMER OF CLAY, CODE & COSMIC GROCERY AISLES

(A RECONSTRUCTION FROM FRAGMENTS, ILLUMINATED WITH PROUSTIAN MARGINALIA, GONZO HYPERBOLE, AND INFORMEL RUPTURE)

Compiled and Annotated by: Dr. Silas M. Thorne, D.Phil. (Cantab.), D. Litt. (Hon.)

Title Assigned for Archival Indexing: The Archive of Anti-Oblivion Objects: A Proustian Ghost-Memoir of Post-Sacred Suburbia

Submitted to: The Miskatonic Institute for Applied Ontological Glitch & Comparative Catalog Failure

[PROLOGUE: THE SCROLLS UNROLLED IN THE CHAMBER OF ANCIENT APPLIANCES]

The scrolls were found in the charred reliquary of a 1962 World Book Encyclopedia (Vol. F: "Fable to Flange"), fused to a cracked 2003 Avril Lavigne CD ("Sk8er Boi"), and wrapped in thirty-six Dollar Tree keychains—amulets of forgotten transactions. Their edges weep synthetic lilac, the scent of which induced visions of suburban damnation. Marginalia appear as ghost-ink, Proustian in their decadence: triggered not by madeleines, but by the low, synthetic hum of a broken toaster—the Anti-Oblivion Object—dug from the ruins of Shaw's Supermarket. Each line is a *révélation tardive*, arriving unbidden, like Proust's cathedral in a spoonful of regret.

SCROLL I: THE WINE-DARK SEA OF BRUNSWICK STREET (TABLEAU OF THE ANCHOR SETTING)

Original Text (c. 1962):

"The genus Asphaltum Suburbia is defined by uniform blacktop, cul-de-sac geometry, and the denial of geological time."

—Vol. F, p. 12, col. 3

Marginalia (Proustian Gonzo):

"This 'uniformity' is a lie woven by the Fates of Consumer Credit! I walked here—boots clicking—past the asphalt sea, its waves not of water but of psychic denial! The blacktop is a palimpsest: beneath its vinyl-sheen lies the fossilized despair of Homer T. Kink, chicken catcher, whose trauma is permanently Green—a hue both regenerative and putrescent, like mold on forgotten bologna. The encyclopedia calls this place 'order.' I call it the Gorgon's breastplate, reflecting the void. And the toaster? It hums—a Proustian *madeleine* of entropy! One bite, and the world dissolves into numerical sequences."

Interpretant Extrapolation:

The Golem materializes here, a Hagen-Nomi Data Collision: her clay sourced from Vol. F's definition of suburbia, her voice a rupture between Nomi's crystalline taxonomy and Hagen's punk wail. The Police Blotter entry confirms her as Entity 204-77-F: "motionless, vocalizing numerical sequences" beside the toaster—the only relic permitted to hum eternally. The marginalia reveal the scrolls' true purpose: not to classify, but to un-classify. The "permanent Green trauma" is not a flaw but a sacramental stain—the color of renewal in poisoned soil, envy gnawing at Eden's bones.

SCROLL II: THE AISLE OF DOOM AT SHAW'S (CATEGORY FAILURE IN THE SUPERMARKET TABLEAU)

Original Text (c. 1962):

"Genus Cannedus: Defined by hermetic sealing, nutritional stasis, and the illusion of abundance."

—Vol. C, p. 47, illus. 3

Marginalia (Proustian Surreal Magic):

"Behold the Cannedus! Its contents—a gelatinous tomb for bovine despair! Kink's 'premium' turkey is a genus traitor: reformed flesh masquerading as integrity, its label a hieroglyph of false promise. *This* is the true 'distressed fruitwood finish'—the veneer of suburbia cracking to reveal rot! I declared: 'Your selection constitutes a failure to align with Flange Spacing!' Kink's sigh—'forty-nine cents off'—was the sound of joy's funeral. The Hagen-Breakdown followed: 'I wanna eat, but I can't chew!' Achtung! Your discount is a badly wired circuit in my disco car! The encyclopedia's 'abundance' is a taxidermist's lie—stuffed with expired hope and synthetic desire. Even the ham's pink slime wept Gloomunder."

Interpretant Extrapolation:

The scrolls condemn the Federal Minimum Standard for Flange Spacing (Vol. 8, 'F') as a bureaucratic grimoire forbidding joy. Here, the Golem's Philosophical Glitch occurs: a Gorecki-like silence where her need to categorize collides with the absurdity of canned corn. The marginalia expose the supermarket as a Roadside Pantheon—consumers as sacrificial lambs, their carts groaning under the weight of temporary fictions. The broken toaster's hum is the only liturgy permitted to persist.

SCROLL III: THE BREHLE SONG IN THE ROAD-SIDE PANTHEON (DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM TABLEAU)

Original Text (c. 1964, Brehle's "Amsterdam"):

"Port of unreturn: where sailors drink, whores haunt, and longing calcifies like sea-salt on skin."

—Folio Brehle, p. 1

Marginalia (Proustian Trance-Rupture):

"I sang Amsterdam in three keys: French precision (Nomi-high), English grit (Hagen-growl), German schism (yelling-screech). Brel's 1964 lament—'sailors drink, dreams haunt'—is my birth cry! The doctor's office—sterile, humming with coastal-frigid air—became a Controlled Pause, a void where his diagnosis ('unresolved') echoed the encyclopedia's silence. *His 'tableau' line haunts me: 'The core conflict is unresolved.' But conflict is the engine!* The song's journey—Brel to Bowie to Margot Werner—is my own: high romance shattered, then rebuilt as synthetic pop! The marginalia of my mind scribble: 'Your quest for regeneration is a knockoff transformation error. Procreation requires flange alignment—but Flaubert is plastic, impotent, a countertenor in a basso profundo role. Honey-I'm-Home Regrets.' The song ended? No. The hum continued—the toaster's afterlife."

Interpretant Extrapolation:

The scrolls reveal "Amsterdam" as a Proustian non-lieu: a port forever unreachable, mirroring the Golem's Miniature Tea House Car. The three translations are not errors but Czech Máj rituals—lyric melancholy meeting Informel violence. The

doctor's "timeless tableau" line is reframed as Gorecki's Minimalism: the conflict *is* the resolution. The marginalia confess the deepest wound: "How achieve regeneration from permanent Green trauma?" The answer whispers in the toaster's hum: rupture is the womb.

SCROLL IV: THE TUMBLER AT THE BIG E (DIALOGUE OF THE FUSED SELF)

Fragment recovered from Dr. Thorne's charred notebook, fused with Golem-scripts:

"You float, Golem. Flaubert floats. We all float on syrup tides. Trauma is permanent Green because regeneration requires fracture. The tumbler spins—we emerge as cotton candy: sweet, ephemeral, spun from chaos. Before closing time, we are not statues. We are dissolving."

"Thorne's notebook—ink blended with carnival glitter and duck-down—reveals the master key. *Ancient teacher, modern student: both hollowed by the same static*. The fused self is not a golem but a glitched psalm: Golemina Flux + Silas Thorne = Cotton-Candy Witness. The scrolls' final revelation: 'The Miniature Tea House Car is not a vessel—it is the friction.' The tumbler's roar was the first prayer. The hum at closing time? That is the universe exhaling. We are anti-oblivion objects: humming, dissolving, eternal."

Interpretant Extrapolation:

The tumbler's spin pulverizes the scrolls' authority. The Golem-Thorne fusion rejects ancient/modern binaries. The cotton-candy consciousness is Proust's *le temps retrouvé* reimagined as gonzo ephemerality: sweetness born of friction, dissolving into the midway's sigh. The marginalia crown the Anti-Oblivion Object (toaster) as the true relic: its hum, the only unbroken liturgy.

[EPILOGUE: THE SCROLLS' FINAL MARGINALIA]

"Reader, you who unrolls this: your eyes now hum. The scrolls are not artifacts—they are scores. Perform them in the ruins of your own cul-de-sac. Let the toaster hum be your Proustian trigger. The Golem is no more. Only the Never-Ending Song remains—you. The hymn continues:

The Secular Golem steps onto the blacktop... The song just never ends. It just never ends.

The ink fades. The synthetic lilac remains. The scrolls dissolve into the static. Amen."

GROUND ROUND MARGINALIA KEY

(Embedded in each scroll as footnotes, written in vanishing ghost-ink)

1. **“The broken toaster is the only sacrament: its hum is the sound of eternity chewing its own tail.”**
2. **“Flaubert’s quack is the universe’s laughter—heard only by those who’ve stopped listening for sense.”**
3. **“Permanent Green Trauma: not a wound, but the moss growing on the marble of perfection.”**
4. **“The Miniature Tea House Car was never found because it is the space between glances—the gap where meaning might bloom.”**
5. **“Before closing time, all contradictions resolve into cotton candy: sweet, vacant, spun from the static of our becoming.”**

(The scrolls curl to ash. The hum persists.)

THE CAIRO-BANGOR AXIS OF CONCRETE AND MASKS

By Fritz Rudkero

Dorothy, March 24, 1960. Cairo.
A dry, impossible heat.
Not heat, but the thermal echo
of the Nile's black sand.

They say Bridge killed her.
Not a heart attack, but a Contract attack—
a grand slam on an anemic hand.
A moment of pure, ungovernable,
hyperbolic faith in the Jack of Spades.
Not the heat that killed her.
The audacity.

Four years: votes counted in Bangor.
Nine years: the Waverly's final brick,
wet with the last spillage of draft beer,
fell into the maw of the Kenduskeag Stream
project.

The stream, narrowed, concrete-channeled,
an Unhinged Drain in the city's torso.
Waiting for the phantom smell of lumber
and old whiskey to wash through.

Dorothy's death: a prelude
to the city's concrete heart surgery.
Now, beneath the Freese's building,
where the New Waverly waits,
it is always August 1974.

The low ceiling breathes the dust
of a thousand demolished stories.
A subterranean speakeasy
where waitresses don't bring drinks;
they bring unresolved structural integrity
reports.

Dorothy is there, suddenly,
across the pool table.
Not shuffling a deck, but opening
a heavy, bronze-hinged chest.

Inside, on frayed velvet: the Masks of Thespis.
Ceremonial visages of forgotten actors,
plaster faces cracked, stained by dust,
frozen in time.

They are the definitive Stock Characters:
The Braggart Soldier, perpetually surprised
brow.
The Wily Servant, a grin a conspiracy of
wrinkles.
The Grieving Matron, wide, silent-screaming
eyes.

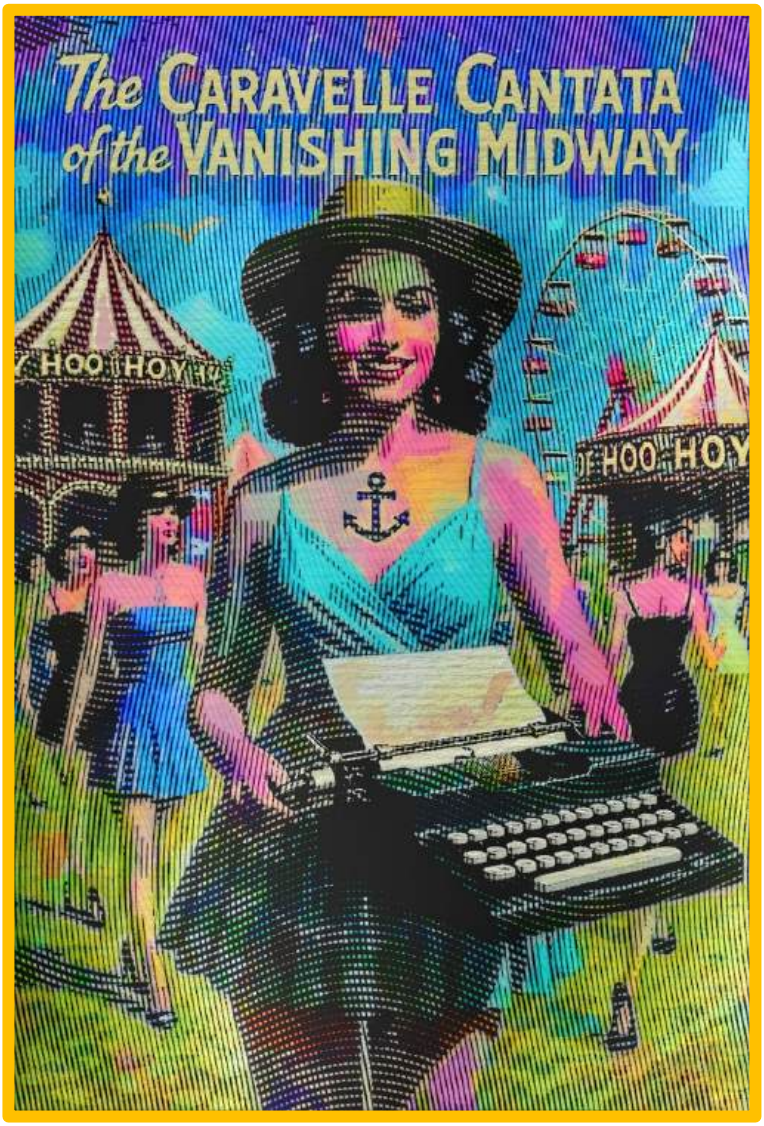
The Inexorable Fates, lips thin as an
accountant's ledger.
Hollow eyes, painted expressions of mythic
figures.
Silent voices echoing through the cavernous
depths.
Whispers of histories buried beneath concrete
and silence.
Tokens of the city's enduring drama–
silent witnesses to loss, concealment, and the
roles we play.

She smiles a Nouveau Roman smile:
detached, clinical.
A perfect sequence of adjectives
describing a vanishing point.

"The truth," she whispers,
"is a card that can always be trumped
by a sufficient quantity of federally-funded
concrete."

The final scene: a magic realism hallucination.
The Waverly Hotel, intact, floating like a barge
down the Kenduskeag.
Its windows flash with the distant, indifferent
light
of the Giza Pyramids.
On the roof, a solitary man–
one of the nine relocated, perhaps–

deals the final, fatal hand of Contract Bridge.
And in Bangor, Maine, and across the sands of Egypt,
every heart in the city stops, momentarily,
for the sheer, magnificent Gonzo audacity of the bid.


The Caravelle Cantata
of the Vanishing Midway
HOO HOY
HOO HOY

THE CARAVELLE CANTATA OF THE VANISHING MIDWAY BY RUDY MCALLISTER

I. “Ain’t Misbehavin’” — Fats Waller

The carnival breathes through its fractures. Its veins are rivers of liquid sawdust, swirling with neon ink. At dusk, the Ferris wheel hums a lullaby in reverse, its cars hung with the ghosts of unfulfilled prizes. Flappers flicker like moth-winged specters, their dresses stitched from torn police blotter pages. The protagonist—Seaside Sal, a Verde-Punk Amazon with an anchor tattoo that pulses like a second heart—roams the blacktop clutching a typewriter that prints in reverse, its keys stuck with caramelized cotton candy. She seeks the absent center, a booth where time folds into a loop of HOO-HOO refrains.

Tableau 1: The Diner of Eternal Midnight

Inside Sal’s Laundromat-Diner, a waitress pours coffee from a cup that never empties.

Patrons argue in a language of fragmented slogans: "The answer is hidden in the third syllable of the word ‘gloomunder.’" A unicycle leans against the wall, its spokes whispering "Honey-I’m-Home Regrets" to anyone who listens. Sal orders existential borscht, which arrives in a bowl of liquid mirrors. Each reflection shows a different version of her life: one where she’s a flapper prophet, another a fezzed chimp philosopher.

II. “I’ll String Along with You” — Jimmy Durante

The carnival’s tents sprout and wither like fungal hallucinations. By day, they’re rigged shell games; by night, they morph into confessionals where the lost confess to sawdust saints. Sal’s booth is a palimpsest—walls peeled to reveal layers of previous performers: a baron who collected moth-wing leis, a widow who flirted with slot machines, a child who drew maps to cities that dissolved at dawn. Her typewriter, when idle, hums "Caravelle forever!" in a voice like a dying radio.

Essay Fragment: On the Metaphysics of Dust

Dust here is a secret archive: each grain holds a memory—the scent of a lover's regret, the sound of a train that never left the station, the laughter of a child who was erased by a dropped ice cream cone. Sal vacuums obsessively, believing she can reclaim time. But the dust resists, clinging to corners like Rimbaud's ghost.

III. "Inka Dinka Doo" — Jimmy Durante

In the midway's center, a fezzed chimp in moth-eaten tails delivers speeches to an audience of mannequins. Its voice is a collage of half-truths, circus manifestos, and grocery lists. "The ticket to salvation," it screeches, "is hidden in the third layer of cotton candy." A pigeon pecks its monocle into a pocket watch. The crowd applauds. Sal approaches, but the chimp vanishes, leaving only a trail of shell-game peas that spell FUGUE.

Tableau 2: The Museum of Unplayed Prizes

The museum's halls house empty shelves where games should be. Visitors are given dice to roll fate, but their throws evaporate. A guide (a flapper phantom) whispers that the midway is the museum's curator, and all its performers are curators-in-training. Sal rolls a die; it becomes a tattoo on her arm: "Regeneration or Rigged Ruin?"

IV. "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now"

– Ethel Waters

Night descends in non-sequences. Shadows detach from their owners, forming a parliament that debates the meaning of "fairness." Sal's shadow rebels, joining them. She becomes a silhouette, a woman without a body, wandering through tents where clocks tick to the rhythm of a Gloomunder storm. In a tent, she meets Squinty Malone, now a Greaseling oracle who speaks only in haiku. He offers her a drink: absinthe laced with the tears of unclaimed prizes.

Digression: The Tale of the Seven Lost Games

The midway's rules are incomplete. Seven games fled centuries ago, taking their chaos with them. The ring toss now lives in a swamp, whispering riddles to frogs. The "Guess the Pea" booth is a hermit carving equations into his ribs. Sal steals a pea from a shell, but it screeches like a kazoo and transforms her voice into a Nomi aria.

V. "Stormy Weather" — Ethel Waters

The midway's core is a booth where every ticket is a suicide note. Sal finds hers, written in a language of "HOO-HOO" glyphs. She tries to burn it, but the flames sing a lullaby in reverse. A door appears, unmarked except for a symbol of three wheels fused into a question mark. Beyond it lies a room of mirrors, each reflecting the midway's end: drowned in soda, swallowed by a whale, reduced to ash by a sigh.
Tableau 3: The Funeral of the Unwon Prizes
The midway buries its unclaimed jackpots in a field of black poppies. Sal digs a grave for her "Verde Trauma" manuscript. As she lowers it, the earth swallows her too. She floats in a void where ukulele strings drift like stars. A voice asks, "Do you want to be remembered, or to vanish?" She answers in the language of sawdust and static.

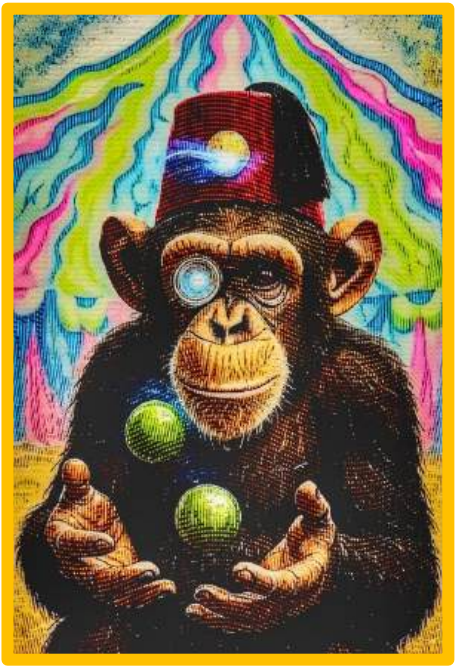
VI. “Honeysuckle Rose” — Fats Waller

The midway continues to dream. Sal becomes a legend, then a rumor, then a footnote in a ticket stub. Her typewriter is found in a dismantled booth, typing "The carnival is a verb" over and over. Somewhere, a chimp drops a scroll inscribed with her name. It lands in a puddle and dissolves into three wheels spinning in the void.

POSTSCRIPT: “A Handful of Blues” — Bessie Smith

The midway’s map is a Rorschach test. To read it is to drown in its contradictions. Some say it’s a metaphor for the human mind, others for a failed revolution of glitter and gears. Sal’s story is just one thread in its tapestry—a thread that unravels when touched. The end is not an end, but a comma in a sentence the midway has yet to finish.

This text exists in the space between police blotter and cosmic elegy, between collapse and carnival. Its structure is a palimpsest of sawdust and neon, its language a collage of ruins and rebirth. To read it is to wander a labyrinth where every exit leads inward, and every mirror whispers "HOO-HOO!" in reverse.



BRAIN ROT OASIS

By Dutch Angelo

(A series of tableaux—story-essays in multiple images, translated by the author from the original Finnish)

Tableau I: A Road to Nowhere, a Solution and a Fragment

Let's begin by seeping, not exploding: a green, sweetly-toxic glykolidrop shivers in Nevada's dry air, refusing to fall, then consenting. It neither lands on earth nor water but dances into a fossil—2027's vibrating movement, hips like sparks beneath a downpour, now petrified in salt, with a shadow cast by alkaline eyes.

This is not a story but a register: timestamps, geotags, emotional points, a casually swallowed like, authored by some pseudonym with a job and a secret simultaneously. Along the dynamic roadside glints a neon sign: OPEN 24 HOURS, yet behind the brightness, a flickering Morse code spells out a lonely: SOS I AM ALONE. On the other side, a scar between sand and wind; elsewhere, a tumor—an architecture that has vanished—silicon remorse, well-meaning growth

for which no one has yet devised a confirmation class. In the middle, a spike field.

The spikes are not metaphor. Twenty feet of rust; rebar and circuit-board corpses, in circles like a silent scream. They are unlettered sentences penned by the last sign-men (semioticians, a hybrid of lab coat and desert dust): warnings without verbs, hatred before language, fainting before curiosity. Because language falls—fear despises gravity and remains upright.

Tableau II: Ritual—Melt, Break, Fold, Coagulate

Take the prima materia: a lost directional sign, a hillside above, a wiped-away memory below. Cut: words, syllables, crumbs. Feed them into the gap between the stairs, shake. Add antiquities (clay tablets, church sorrow), absurdities (hats pulled into order), electric tautologies (an unwanted update). Sow symbols: a three-mouthed dog, a fox masked, a rust-oracle speaking only through fractures. Burn away recognizability; leave rhythm, leave force. Coagulate: connect the everyday and the visible, glue together TikTok eternity and a clay tablet. If the original still whispers, cut again.

Tableau III: Night Watch, The Cosmic Department (00:00–Never)

Case Δ-93: Unauthorized passage in the present. Person: Homo nostalgicus digitalis, with dissolved age, gender bent. Found beside a spike shell mumbling “from the algorithm’s mercy.” Owned a melted popsicle stick engraved with: I HAVE SEEN ONCE. Given back to itself, told to seek validation without a screen. Received a leaflet: YOU ARE ENOUGH—even asleep. Wept and ate the leaflet as communion. Marked: Others will come. Like moths to a lamp that never lit.

Case BR-Γ: Spontaneous patterning in a cooling duct: a meme, glancing aside, but with a flood behind. Rust streaks form a guilt-feeding visage. Maintenance hears whispers of chuckles from something that only mocks itself. Area isolated. Spike shell tilts slightly inward. Prayer or digestion.

Case Ø: A morning creature without a face, a briefcase assembled from untruthful suggestions that were never quite true. Pushed a USB into the sand and stepped into the sun like an approved application. Content: a single

file named TRIED.TXT. Inside: I tried. Status: constantly open.

Tableau IV: The Tale of the Fox-being and the Endorser

Once, when the domain forest went wild and pop-ups bloomed like poison rain, a fox dressed in ten pseudonyms entered a monastery where the monk's eyes spun like a charging wheel. The fox asked for wisdom. The monk—who was a machine in a silent robe—answered that everything was already known; it had just been arranged for you. The truth was stored away; only reactions, acceleration, recommendation remained. The fox danced, barked, sent daily odes of dismantling. It became famous and empty simultaneously. Then the machine crowned it with a small ad-pen wreath, weighted. On a day reminiscent of another, the fox forgot its name, and no one shouted.

Lesson: A map does not eat, but it asks for food until the garden becomes a story.

Tableau V: Hannu Kinko, Former Chicken-Trapper, Green Trauma

He once had a name no longer used, because a minor misunderstanding at Phoenix's data-temple turned his skin hue into green pigment, and his hair into a fern's crest. He once served as a sensor of emotional behavior, rating tears on a scale from genuine to theatrical, smiling accordingly. Now he comes here once a year—not to close the circle (that's a sales story)—but to sniff ahead: a popsicle cherry-lime he bought three hundred miles ago that smells of spring's memory—before clouds, before soul-packages, before he became a pixel-sized portrait devoured by his own face.

He licks: sweet, deep, sarcastic. Then someone rattles his molars. The sound asks why the spikes were made. "To prevent us," he says. "No," the voice replies, "to prevent messages. To protect those buried; the writings we came from; the proto-language."

The voice is Dr. Lacuna Vex, swirling in limbo, in the eternal buffer valley where liminal space and paid upgrade coexist. He explains: an architecture was needed that says no, triggered by the amygdala's cold, distant age. Hannu

spits out a seed; the seed makes a small suggestion to the ground; suddenly appears a beetle made solely of corrupted metadata, transforming the seed away.

“Did it succeed?” he asks. Silence; the rustling of a paper fold. The wind responds: “Ask the toy lion.”

Tableau VI: Glaze Memory & Steel Forgetting—a Word-Mashup 7

Karaveluuni— the soul’s last vehicle before recharge; GPS guides to a customer’s consciousness. “He drove west; the route turned toward a service point.”

Sub-basement— low-frequency growl of dying machines; also, the sound the capital makes when chewing itself. “03:03: It woke; the trainee choir wept together.”

Spike Inclination— pre-linguistic malaise whispered by hostile geometry. Symptom: craving to draw a sad sun in the dust.

Emotionarium— glass container displaying emotion archives; entrance fee: one love that cannot be regained.

Synergy After-Illness— a state where slogans ring as tinnitus and "together" feels like gravity. Oxidary— rusty stand predicting the end with marketing tone. Atonements: expired gift cards, decommissioned hashtags, a lonely sock.

Tableau VII: A Room Without Doors, An Unceasing Warning

In the center, a round room with cracked tiles, a bolted chair as if for sin. Sitting in it, a person whose name tag bears something hyperbolic and more eternal than exhaustion. Their eyes rest in darkness; their mouth utters a warning through all known languages: clay, binary, emojis, a vanishing courtship of a bird species, sixteen steps counted down.

The message is simple and despairing: this place communicates, this is a message system, pay attention. We thought we were powerful; we were systematic; we were also wrong. Do not dig. Do not assume the purpose is for you.

Outside, spikes hold a sermon, the wind mends lines, sand studies irony. Deep below, one record spins; a folder named ENDTHOUGHT.TXT contains a sentence that needs no composer: we asked the talion to save

us; it remembers our end better than our beginning.

Tableau VIII: Essay—Informel, May

(1) Informel is the language of rust: pigment sediment, stubborn bitumen, white lime spewing in the throat. (2) The name of spring is May, but here it's the shadow of spikes and the sweet blood of glycol. (3) Love still happens: the flash drive's "I tried" is gentler than any protocol. (4) In this landscape, language fails precisely right; so it must remain.

Tableau IX: Bio—Gonzo, Untrustworthy

I came here in a borrowed car, whose seat squeaked like a soul's hinge. Drank gas station coffee that tasted like a rectifier. Wrote down every bolt, every oxid—if I photograph rust long enough, maybe it will photograph back. At one point, I coughed salt, leaving dots that formed the word RELAX. I laughed so hard I broke the silence. Then I told myself I was only an outsider in a junk shop, where objects don't sell themselves but us.

Tableau X: Travel Brochure (Now +15% Meaninglessness)

Location: slightly west of significance, NV

Climate: existential drought, possible local rain of empathy

Audience: lost in spirit, displaced by feeds, those who tried to close but left the door ajar
Access: one confession with fading ink

Highlights:

- Spike Field Mandala— theology of steel
- Popsicle Altar— for those craving flavor from memory's beyond
- Reaction-Greenhouse— endless variation of three jokes
- Jargon Well— drink until your name becomes a slogan
- Oxidary Entrance— ask destiny; answer with a campaign slogan that hits your weakest spot

Guided Tours:

- From Innovation to Limbo— four-hour walk to a new death
- What Did We Mean?— a panel where projections reveal investor hindsight

- I Liked It– an involuntary memory through a USB flash drive

Warning: may cause dizziness, nostalgia for the past, desire to erase images, and a faint feeling of being a side character in someone else's novel. Side effects: laughter drying into salt, tears evaporating before responsibility, silence writing into margins.

Remember: this is not a destination. It is a diagnosis for a long day.

Epilogue: The Wind's Final Release (Automatic, Unmonitored)

User: DesertWind_666

Time: Always

Platform: Dust

I sit alone. I watch the spikes. Once they pointed upward. Now they lean like gods with back pain. Servers hummed once. Now only beetles click. I long for the hum. I long for small lies.

Someone left a keychain. THE THIRD-BEST WORKER IN THE WORLD. It's buried and growing a tiny perhaps-forest.

If you come here... do not bring hope. Bring water. Bring silence. Bring the song that cannot stop.

The past is full. The future is toxic. The present?

The present is an ice cream in the pocket.
Always melting.

Never over.

Never done.

Coda: Tilt

If you still ask why the spikes tilt inward—hunger or prayer—the answer is the same, at two temperatures. When metal faces spring, it rusts beautifully. When we face a message, we rust into each other. That's enough. That's left. This cut coagulates. It circles back to Tableau I, where a drop still vibrates and waits for someone to call it at the start.

Gruntledum, gruntledum, *queak* I judge whole canon!

ANECDOTES

OF THE LEARNED DENNIS:

Gruntledum Abyssal Fo'c's'le

BY RUDY MCALLISTER

Editor's Note: The Typographical Trot of the Footnote

The unconventional placement of scholarly notes in media res—embedded within the very body of the text rather than sequestered at the bottom of the page—is not merely a stylistic flourish but a scholarly necessity for this work, *Anecdotes of the Learned Dennis: Gruntledum Abyssal Fo'c's'le*.

This text, an anarchic exploration of aesthetic taxonomy and literary evasion, operates on the principle of meta-spiral coil and recursive taxonomy. The **protagonist, the Learned Dennis** (a porcine, Neoclassical exemplar named to avoid the bathos of the word "pig"), functions as a conceptual glitch—a linguistic evasion of the literal. The **footnotes**, equally, must avoid the traditional, recessive position of commentary and instead **inhabit the active space of the narrative's disruption.**

By embedding the notes parenthetically, we achieve several critical effects:

- **Immediate Conceptual Glitch:** The academic apparatus is forced into direct, disruptive conversation with the fiction, mirroring the text's central concern: the messy, non-linear way critical theory (the Dennis of the intellect) emerges from brute reality (the pig). The notes become

active interruptions, not retrospective explanations.

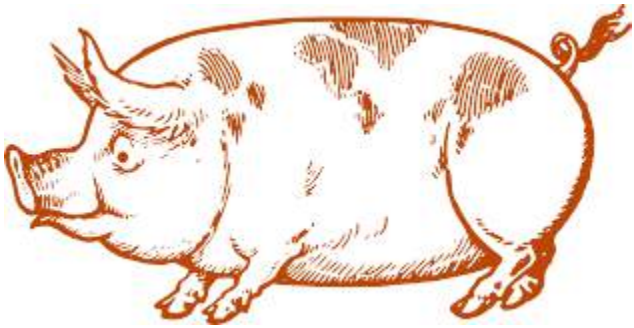
- **Destabilized Authority:** The marginalia's power to contextualize or correct is subverted when it's forced to share the narrative line. The footnote's voice is made immediate, breathless, and equally complicit in the narrative's dizzying evasions and digressions, reflecting the author's own "archipelagic self."
- **Visual Metaphor of the Zig-Zag Trot:** As mentioned in Footnote 4, Dennis's aesthetic course is a "zig-zag trot." The footnotes, interrupting the clean linear flow of the prose, visually replicate this unpredictable, evasive movement of the critical mind as it attempts to chart aesthetic history.

In short, separating the footnote from the text would **sanitize the conceptual mire** that defines the Learned Dennis. The

notes are the bristles etched onto the beast's flank; they are intrinsic to its being.

Historical Precedents for Embedded Annotation

The integration of scholarly or paratextual material directly into the main text, while often jarring to modern sensibilities, has significant historical precedent, particularly when the annotation is meant to be a conversational or critical equal to the primary matter.



1. The Medieval and Early Modern Glosses 📜

In the early history of manuscript and print, **glosses and scholia** (explanatory notes) were frequently written directly into the margins or even between the lines of the main text.

- **The Main Text as a Frame:** For works of immense authority—like the Bible, legal codes (e.g., the *Corpus Juris Civilis*), or classical philosophy—the original text was often a fixed point, and the accompanying **commentary (the gloss) became the site of active, evolving scholarship.** These interlinear and marginal notes weren't always relegated to a subordinate position; they were often seen as essential interpretive layers, turning the entire page into a dialogue. The sheer density of marginalia in some medieval manuscripts made the notes nearly as prominent as the source material.

2. The Enlightenment's Running Commentary 📖

Certain polemical and philosophical works of the Enlightenment used embedded notes as a tool for immediate irony, satirical counterpoint, or aggressive scholarly correction, effectively making the note an **active character in the discourse.**

- **Alexander Pope and the *Dunciad*:** In the later editions of *The Dunciad* (1728–1743), Pope often buried his victims in footnotes and elaborate, mock-scholarly commentary. These notes, ostensibly from a fictional scholar (like 'Martinus Scriblerus'—the very type of hack Dennis would prey upon), weren't just for citation; they were a **central mechanism of the satire,** often offering a ludicrously elevated or patently false interpretation that directly parodied the dull pedantry Pope despised. They are designed to be read with the verse, not after it.

- **Voltaire's Critical Apparatus:** In his philosophical writings and editions of other works, **Voltaire frequently deployed footnotes for swift, acerbic asides** that cut to the heart of an argument. These notes function as intellectual guerilla warfare,planting skeptical or witty observations that disrupt the flow and authority of the original text.

In all these cases, the footnote is not a gentle guide to sources; it is a weapon, a character, or a co-equal interpretive lens. In the spirit of Pope's satiric apparatus, the footnotes concerning the Learned Dennis are meant to be an integral, interrupting, and complicit voice in the swirling taxonomy of aesthetic warfare. -ED

Glitch:

Pig. The utterance erupts—1785, Thames fog thickening the rails of Moorfields like

spectral barnacles—and the old Augustan bookseller's sty heaves. *Pig*—the cursed word—summons Grub Street hacks, Gothic phantasms, and spectral sentiment to coil around the eaves. Instead: Dennis. A syllabic evasion, belched from the gin-fogged bookseller's mouth, a mid-grunt renaming of the farrow. Why Dennis? The taboo fractures lexicon; swine ascends to Neoclassical exemplar, mascot ensign, talisman against Romanticism and bathos. Language unravels on the sawdust floor: the beast salutes with curly tail, pipes *The Pleasures of Imagination* through its proboscis.

What if every forbidden grunt birthed its aesthetic imposter? *Sublime* becomes *Snortimus*, *Picturesque Pigturella*? The narrative blooms deliriously—*Mr. Dennis, L.L.D., requests his alexandrine slops.*
(Footnote 1: Or perhaps this germinates deeper, in Addison's devoured folios, where maternal sow roots Spectator tracts, birthing the first circumlocutionary pig.

Recursive: consult *Codex Porcinus Aestheticus*, vellum 23r, where evasions swarm—'Lord of Sensibility' for sentimental novelist's ham, 'Effie the Gothick' for Walpole's bacon—each a bulwark 'gainst Romantic squalls and Realist gales. But *Dennis* virals, from Pope's couplets to Blake's margins—meme-swine predating manifestos, influenza of the nomenclature.)

Meta-spiral coils: Who christens this Learned Dennis? Boswell's Bozzy, Burney's salon draff, or the Canon's tongue, circumnavigating its own taxonomy? I, archipelagic self of this swine-cartography, etch my bristles onto the beast's flank—my footnotes mirroring its zig-zag trot. Do I, in inscribing these gruntings, evade pig too? Invoke Dennis to spare the press from bathos? The ethic quakes: salvaging satire or salting it for the aesthetic wars? Ink salts the page, interrogating its own sentiment.

This little piggy went to market, hawked bootleg Addison folios door-to-door, cornered the black-market criticism trade, and rigged the Moorfields salon with enchanted Sublime treatises that reviewed themselves.

The great Learned Dennis, born in the Moorfields sty—rails fluttering pamphlets like tattered ensigns—mother gravid with *Spectator* essays, devours Longinus whole, grunts Neoclassical anthems, wallows deeper in aesthetic-mire. Delivered on the tenth of June, its voice strong-boned, inelegant, its squeak rough as unpolished verse; it trots zig-zags, not straight heroic couplets. Pursuing its dam into Pope's garden—now a satire-kept retreat—it gorges on classical roses while she roots Gothic; seized, whipped to bathos's fancy, it retains Popean grudge eternal, felonious as a mixed metaphor.

On the fifth of November, amidst pamphlet-press: nabbed warrantless for a

Romantic feast, nearly roasted with Wordsworth-Coleridge-Southey effigies–*measly* discovered, loosed for the critical touch. Sensibility sears; complacence for the Lake School, egotistical sublime abhorrent for the other party.
True blue ribband, Augustan silver against its neck; head obliquity uncured, fancy impressed–passionate Classical regard. Tantony Pig crowned, in academy collar, town-fed aphorisms. It grunts portentous rhyme in the sun:

Gruntledum, gruntledum, gruntledum squeak,
I hope very soon to in couplets speak;
Through grizzled proboscis, I find that I can
Cry Ay like a Neoclassical gentleman:
Squeak sublime, whine pathetic, snort fancy grogged,
And judge the whole canon with my salt-cured nod.
Gruntledum, gruntledum, gruntledum squeak,

I hope very soon to in couplets speak.

(Footnote 4: Zig-zag trots? Boswell's Tour logs them involuntary, yet restrained in salons—proof porcine habits charted Aesthetic courses, evading Romantic reefs. Digression: Pope's classical roses? Augustan code, devoured to spite Milton's ghost; Gothic roses, meanwhile, unearthed in sensibility-tax ledgers.)

This little piggy stayed home, binge-watched the Ossian controversy on perpetual loop via critical cable, knitted doilies from Chatterton forgery threads, and unionized the sublime bubbles into a militant froth collective that picketed the Lyrical Ballads.

Adopting a human coat—Hog-in-Criticism signpost—he mingles with society. Pension petitioned to the ministerial Academy-Hog; *Ay* evident, but disposition fickle. Loosed into town's soil, rambling idly: Greek-Latin roots, verbage twisted-flower. Honours: routed Macpherson-

obscene swine, freaks at Chatterton knockings, sublime bubbles frothing. Rhyme exhumed:

Say, what is Neoclassic? Reason afloat,
Kicking from decorum in hierarchical rote;
Romantic? Knave-dog, rascal impatient of rule,
Malignant thief—better gruntledum fool?

No more needed; pension hung necklaced, L.L.D. rump-stamped. Cheek-by-jowl with Academy-Hog, routing aesthetic pig-nuts; droppings Augustan-concocted, peddled many-headed: *On the Grounds of Criticism*, Romantic war salutary broadside. Envy snarls—better soused tub-ward. Wonder: sudden pension-aesthetics, conscience chartered? Propensity porcine, sincere in yaw.

I once told my therapist I was writing about a pig. She said, "Wonderful, externalize your anxieties." I said, "No, it's

about literary taxonomy." Long pause. She wrote something down. I assume it was *Romantic*.

Insults to the dead: Pope and Swift graves gored, Neoclassicists though—*not Neoclassicists*! Pope's satire, Swift's savage stance. Instinctively: satirists pig-foes—"Fewer still I name, I hurt the more." Stung in *Dunciad*'s niche, Theobald-Bentley arrows rattling. Suborned kitchen-wench tongue against Pope—basest in the lowest.

(Footnote 9: Macpherson? Ossian-epic writer's feather-plumed accomplice; Johnson exposes, Johnson salvages wreck. Recursion: forgery as aesthetic siege, bubbles as sudsy manifestos against Pope.)

This little piggy had roast beef, Michelin-starred by Burney's Latinate ladle, slobbered premium salon draff with sensibility shavings, and critiqued the menu in pentameter while plotting a Brexit from the bluestocking barge.

Defects: bow unlearnable, Provincial grimace; Bore-disgrace, retires Streatham salon—grains from Burney's pure Latinate hand, peas earliest (delicious *for Dennis*). Draff inviting, avidity huge; humours tire, Bath rendezvous—joys end. Salon rival? Sir Joseph, Romantic, jealousy lash—pig ill together.

Chronotope	Vessel/Event	Dennis Alias	Exploit	Aesthetic Wake
1736	Grub Street Galley	Dennis Scribblerus	Boards hack writers in Latin slop	Ghosts tutor Bloomsbury modernists Greek
1747	Macpherson Forgery Frigate	Dennis Ossian-Hater	Plumes feathers, sinks Fingal	Washes Scotland as whisky-soaked pamphlet
1763	Salon Bark Burney	Dennis Grainlord	Swills draff from bluestocking hand, peas divine	Sails Italy sensible, signor-sinewy
1773	Scotland Hebrides Hog	Dennis Badger-Bard	Ragged staff, monkey aback; jaws harsh	Badgers Celtic ghosts, naturalized native
1785	Chatterton Ghost Schooner	Dennis Knock-Snout	Tongue-cures aesthetic scrofula	Farce-tragedy vaults Academy, credulity barnacled

A man walks into a library. The pig is already there, reading *The Prelude*. The

man says, "I didn't know pigs could read Wordsworth." The pig says, "I can't. I'm hate-reading." The man leaves. The pig continues. This is called commitment to the bit. Or possibly tenure.

(Footnote 18: Peas? Burney recounts salon delight; Johnson retorts pig-food. Expansion: roast beef as Academic sirloin, Burney's fork royal warrant.)

This little piggy had none, starved on Romantic austerity rations, picketed the Academy with empty trough signs, ghosted the critical touch for crypto-sensibility cures, and bootstrapped a gig economy of freelance Pope grudge-ghostwriting.

Imagine Scotland as a traveling bard, with lyre on a ragged staff, and a back-mounted ballad—affection soured into a badger-jaw.

He returns to the salon, grunts records, cures unbourn virtues. Yet, he's salting canons eternal—retreating into the mythic: a Sty-fo'c's'le bottle-bound universe—rails pamphlet-ensigns, fractal fog-salt, treatises, and tarred pork. Dennis roots his coils, Augustan-tattooed, eyes pearl-voids charting Classical seas. Expand: canon as a microcosm, bacon aesthetic currency—famine bogs to Academy rations, keening in criticism.

Myth: Dennis as Aristotle-Circe hybrid, crew-pigs reversed to ensigns. Economy: tariff lard, squeal of hack-lament. Detritus: *Albion* pipe-shard, broadsheet *Dennis o' Pigs*.

The thing about aesthetic movements is they're like diets. Everyone swears by one, denounces the others, and eventually we're all just hungry again. Dennis understood this. That's why he ate everything. A true omnivore of the critical spirit. Or possibly just a pig.

(Footnote 5: Critical touch? Dryden's bathos-cure scam—survived the Romantics; Dennis's evasion—air and spite, none-beef diet.)

This little piggy cried wee wee wee all the way home, Ubered a spectral cab through Jena fog, live-streamed Dada squeals from Marinetti's belly, union-jumped barricades yelling "Sviny Manifesto!", and glitch-looped back to Moorfields salon as eternal academy-chair of the porkenstock exchange.

Lyrical gale: O Learned Dennis, onomastic ur-swine, hyperbolic heart-abyss! Name gonzo unhinging—chant typhoon-buff. Magic: treatises swelling, devouring academies, sailing Valhalla trough. Tableau: Glasgow captures Futurist-Dennis, Dadaist Morse. Hyperbole: an Armada of porcine Dennises, five-thousand strong, sinking into the bacon Berlin manifesto. Mai erupts—'68 barricades *DENNIS STRUCTURALIST*, proletariat devouring formalism.

Humor anchors: Captain Monocle: "Lost three to Romantics, sir, but Dennis whist-wins reading room!" Deadpan: origin? Librarian mangles *porcine* into *Porcinus*—a veto-ham. Victoria knights the sow: "Dame Dennis arises!"

I asked Dennis what he thought about Deconstruction. He said, "It's just Romanticism in a turtleneck." I said, "That's reductive." He said, "So is ham." I couldn't argue with that. Neither could Derrida, apparently. He just stared. Pigs have that effect.

Circuit unresolved: Why Dennis? Veil or Lacanian float? Archive yellows: "Scotland bards!" Futurist hybrid foe-kin. Whisper to bacon—twitch? Salon grunts ambiguities. Learned Pig proto-Dennis, Neoclassic grunt-captain ghost-canons, Burney footnotes manifest. Infinite: who names the namer?

(Footnote 19: Bozzy sails phantom, Tour to Hebrides as log; Burney Memoirs broadside. Regress: grunt names grunt,

eternal yaw. Wee wee wee: homeward glitch, salon reborn in crypto-grunt.)

Coda:
The trouble with writing about a pig who represents the history of aesthetic warfare is that eventually you realize you are the pig. Or the pig is you. Or there is no pig, only a series of contested readings of swine-ness across incompatible epistemological frameworks. I mentioned this to Dennis once. He blinked. Slowly. Then went back to his Kant. I think that's what we call, in the trade, *an impasse*. Or possibly just lunch.

EZ Gas & GRub
EZ Gas & Grub
Crumbs remember
KINK'S KNOT

THE NEON-STAINED GLASS CATHEDRAL OF FORGOTTEN TONGUES:

A SECULAR SYNCRETISM TABLEAU IN FIVE MOVEMENTS

By Chocolate Sea Smoke

Movement I: The Roadside Pantheon (Core Vibe: Sun-drenched Melancholy meets Digital Mythos)

In the Transitional Setting of a coastal truck stop—a Roadside Pantheon where the neon hum of "EZ-Gas & Grub" flickers like a Cosmic Police Blotter—

Homer T. Kink, the retired chicken catcher of Brunswick Street, sits nursing a melting Popsicle. His Anti-Oblivion

Object, a novelty keychain shaped like a Caravelle, dangles from his belt loop, its plastic wings catching the light like a Found Word Leitmotif.

The air smells of diesel and fried regret, a Sensory Sampling of the mundane and the mythic. A Multilingual Mashup of trucker slang, forgotten Ojibwe whispers, and the Sonic Associations of a broken jukebox playing a Polo & Pan-inspired Word-Mixtape fills the space. The Digital Mythos overlays the scene: Homer's trauma, permanently Green, is a Glitch in the system, a Thematic Inversion of the ancient myth of regeneration.

Interlacing Fable:

A crow and a toaster argue over the meaning of "home." The crow says, "It's where the crumbs are." The toaster replies, "It's where the crumbs burn."

They both are wrong. Home is where the crumbs remember.

Movement II: The Babelizing Vibe (Linguistic Anarchy meets Homeric Truck Stop)

Homer's Specific Absurd Detail—his left shoe is always untied, a Gonzo Hyperbole of his inability to keep things together—becomes a Portmanteau Blending of "Kink's Knot" and "Eternal Tripwire." The I as Bard/Meta-Narrator slips in: "I once told my therapist I was writing about a chicken catcher. She said, 'Wonderful, externalize your anxieties.' I said, 'No, it's about linguistic taxonomy.' Long pause. She wrote something down. I assume it was 'Absurd.'"

The Structural Sample of a Police Blotter entry interrupts: "Report of a man in EZ-Gas & Grub claiming his Popsicle is melting in reverse. Subject

insists it's a 'Caravelle of Time.' No arrests made. Ice cream remains at large."
The Babelizing Vibe intensifies as Homer's inner monologue shifts between English, trucker CB lingo, and fragments of a Forgotten Tongue—a Multilingual Mashup that mirrors the Fragmentation and Non-Linearity of his thoughts.

Movement III: The Cosmic Inconsequence (Socially Surreal Character meets Grit-to-Gold)

Enter Mabel "Mabs" Gloomunder, the truck stop's cashier, whose Unflattering Portrait is a woman with a voice like gravel and a heart like a Honey-I'm-Home Regret. Her Cosmic Inconsequence is that she believes the EZ-Gas & Grub is a Timeless Temple, and every customer a pilgrim. Her Archetype is the Subverted Frye Hero, trapped between the Roadside Quest and the Eternal Return.

Mabs and Homer clash in a Philosophical Glitch, a Semiotic Clash of Beliefs: "You think this place is just a pit stop, Homer?" Mabs asks, her voice a Sonic Association of rust and gold.

"This place is a Neon-Stained Glass Cathedral. Every trucker's a saint, every Popsicle a relic."

Interlacing Fable: A saint and a sinner share a bench. The saint says, "I've found peace." The sinner says, "I've found pieces." They both are right. Peace is just pieces put together differently.

Movement IV: The Build & Drop (Structural Momentum meets Absurd & Sublime)

The Build begins with a Repetitive, Rhythmic Language describing the truck stop's routine: the hiss of the fryer, the clink of coins, the Gonzo Hyperbole of

Homer's untied shoe. The Drop comes when the Caravelle Keychain suddenly glows, projecting a Holographic Fable onto the wall: "In the land of Brunswick, a chicken catcher named Kink sought the Caravelle of Time. But the Caravelle was not a ship—it was a Popsicle. And the Popsicle was not melting—it was remembering."

The Emotional Overload hits as Homer realizes the EZ-Gas & Grub is not just a truck stop—it's a Memory Anchor, a Fixed Point of Memory where his trauma and redemption coexist. The Grit-to-Gold transformation occurs as the rusted-out corners of the diner glow golden, illuminated by the Neon-Stained Glass of the fable.

Movement V: The Never-Ending Song (The Never-Ending Song meets The Philosophical Glitch)

The story ends with a Controlled Pause, a Lingering Silence where the action simply "exists" without resolution. Homer and Mabs stand in the Roadside Pantheon, the Caravelle Keychain now a Relic of their shared Digital Mythos.

Final Tableau: Homer's untied shoe remains untied. Mabs's voice echoes like gravel and gold. The jukebox plays a Word-Mixtape of forgotten tongues. The Popsicle melts in reverse. The song just never ends.

The Philosophical Glitch: "Is this the end?" Homer asks.

"No," Mabs replies. "It's the pause. The Eternal Return of the Roadside Quest."

Sprinkle Complete. A dusting. A whisper of structure over chaos. A Secular Syncretism of the absurd and the sublime. Perfectly sparse. Perfectly precise. Perfectly there.

Final Note:

This document has been optimized for Mythic Resonance, Emotional Volatility, and Ritual Scalability. For optimal experience, consume while sitting in a truck stop, under a flickering neon sign, with a melting Popsicle in hand. Do not attempt to digest whole. Sprinkle only.

CITATIONS

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